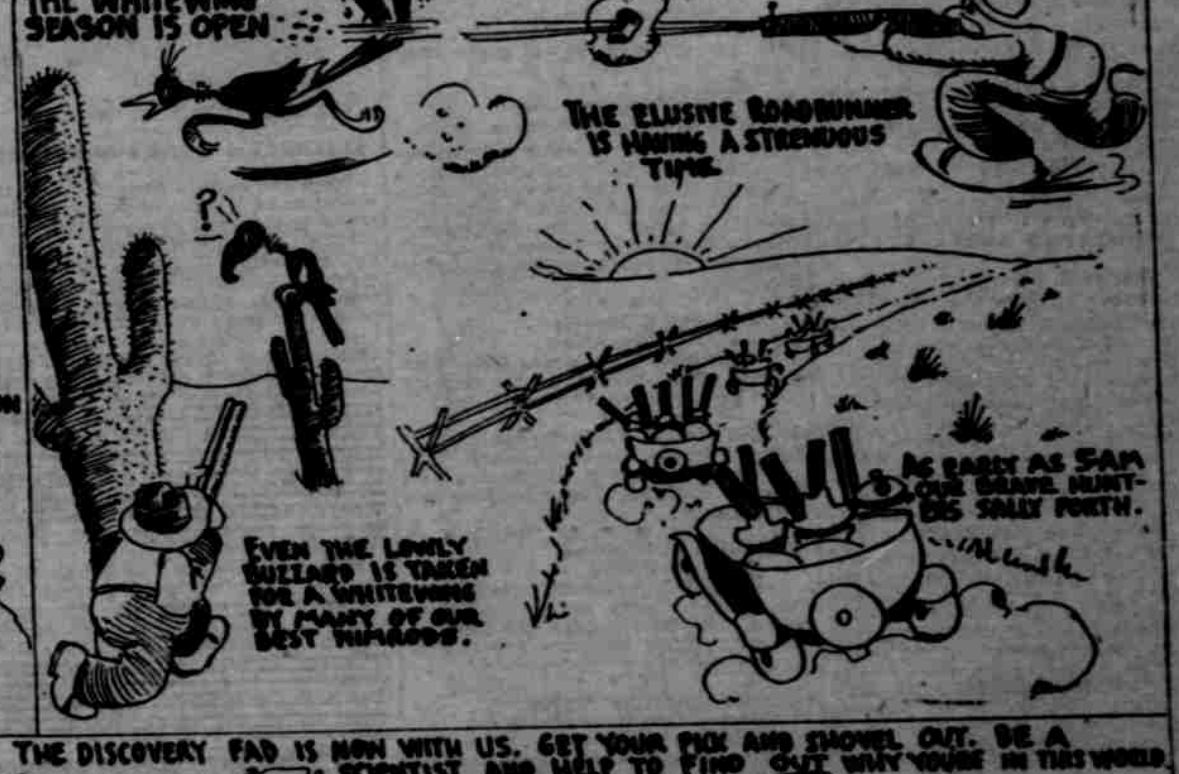
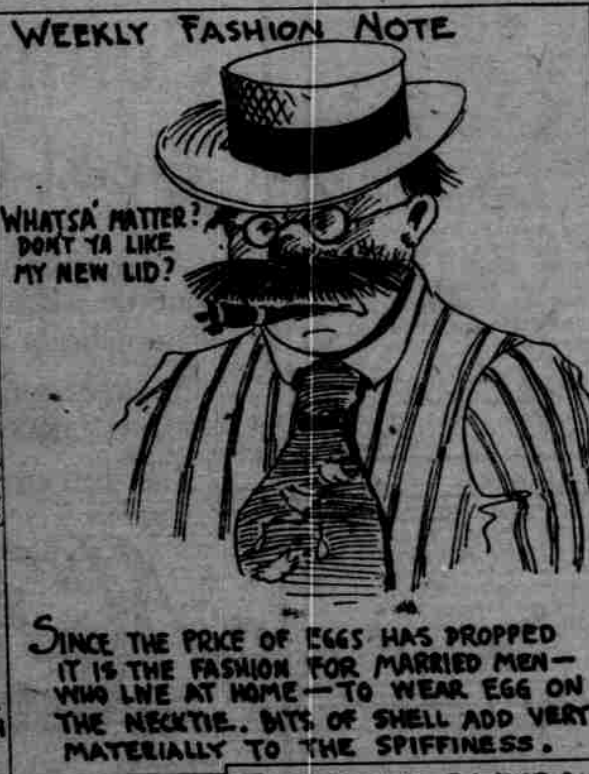
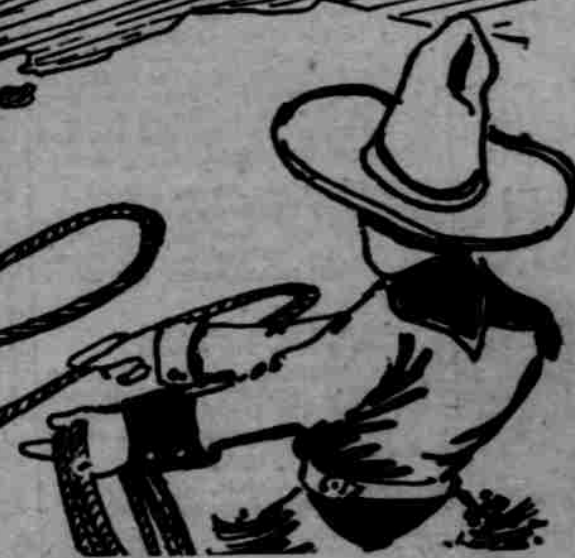


The Roundup

THE ARIZONA REPUBLICAN

SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 5, 1921



THE RECORDS OF THE LOCAL MARRIAGE LICENSE BUREAU SHOW THAT CUPID HAS INVADDED OUR RANKS AND IS SLAUGHTERING OUR BACHELORS AND MAIDS AT WILL.



THE ROUNDUP RHYME

When Kiwanis went to dinner and Rotary paid the bill,
Of pleasure and amusement then Kiwanis had its fill;
But the stock of the Rotarians is slowly picking up,
Since at every bloomin' luncheon now they see their loving cup!

Because the honors came too fast, and 'round his manly brow
The laurel wreaths were tied too tight, Chief Brisbois made his bow
And left the village overnight because his bid for fame
Was only that he umpired the Kiwanis-Rot'ry game!

Since eggs have dropped to such a price that any-one may buy,
(Although the restaurant where we eat still keeps the prices high),
It has become the fashion for the village sport to vie
In the number of the egg-spots that he carries on his tie!

Unto the list of profiteers that make existence vain,
We add today the names of those who give the deepest pain—
We've had the restaurant owner and the landlord with his rents,
Now comes the man who cuts kids' hair for 57 cents!

Although the summertime is nigh when thoughts should all be turned
To cooling drinks, and whirring fans, and ice cream freshly churned,
The marriage mart in our affairs still plays its steady part,
And Cupid smiles when'er he strings a couple on his dart!

It doesn't seem religious—it's hardly fair and square—
That when the sheriff has traced a still into his farthest lair,
His men should spill the product down a yawning sewer hole
When he could earn the thankful vote of many a thirsty soul!

By F. F. M

